

DRAMATIC MIRROR

AND

LITERARY COMPANION.

DEVOTED TO THE STAGE AND THE FINE ARTS.

EDITED BY JAMES REES.]

[PUBLISHED BY TURNER & FISHER.

VOLUME I.] PHILADELPHIA, AND NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25th, 1841. [NUMBER VII.

For the Dramatic Mirror.

OLD COUNTRY RAMBLES AND REMINISCENCES.

BY W. P. LARKIN.

"The incidents and experience of a life of the most humble or obscure individual might, if recorded, present much interesting and instructive matter for perusal."—*Dr. Johnson.*

SCOTLAND.—*Old and New Aberdeen; Ancient Cathedral and University; Hector Boece; Buchanan; Beattie; Lord Monboddo; Lord Byron; Theatre; Ancient Bridge; Wild Sea Coast; River Dee, &c.*

"O forty miles off Aberdeen,
'Tis fifty fathom deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet."

Minstrelsy of the Scottish border.

The ocean waves which rising near the wild and desolate shores of Lapland and Norway, and rolling in sullen grandeur across the vast and dreary expanse of the North sea, break at length in whitening surges, along the bleak line of coast, that stretches for some leagues north of the sea port town of Aberdeen, in Scotland. A place where it was the lot of the writer to reside for some months, in the winter of the years 1828—29.

Aberdeen as its Celtic etymology indicates (Aber in that language signifying mouth or confluence of a river,) is situated at the embouchure of the river Dee, in the south eastern extremity of the country of the same name, and is a place of much greater extent and commercial importance than a majority even of the English are aware of.

There are two towns similarly named standing about three quarters of a mile distant from each other, but claiming, if I mistake not, separate municipal jurisdictions and privileges. Nothing can be more distinct than their relative appearance. Old Aberdeen which takes precedence from its superior antiquity, (being the ancient episcopal city) still retains some massive remains of its once superb cathedral, its far famed University too—King's College, of which the celebrated Hector Boethius was the first president, is still preserved entire. It is a building of the most quaintly picturesque style of primitive Scottish architecture, and the effect of these remembrances of the olden time, together with its silent, narrow and deserted streets, (the monotonous stillness of which is rarely broken save by the appearance of a solitary student or professor in his academic scarlet robe,) The dilapidated stave, too, of even the inhabited buildings, and the peculiar air of solemn and monastic antiquity, which pervades the whole place, contrast strongly with the bustling activity and commercial opulence so strikingly displayed in the crowded streets, showy buildings and thronged quays of the more modern towns.

New Aberdeen is in truth a beautiful, spacious and judiciously laid out city. The building material employed in its construction, is the grey granite, found in such abundance at Peterhead, thirty-six miles distant, which has also supplied the stone used in the erection of Waterloo bridge, London, as well as the blocks with which the principal streets of that

metropolis have been recently paved. The new town has also its University called Marischal College, after the celebrated family of Keith, (Earls Marischal,) who contributed largely towards its completion, and whose vast possessions were forfeited more than a century since, for their adherence to the exiled royal family of the Stuarts.

Each of these colleges has been alma mater to many a name famous in literature. Buchanan author of the *Historicum Scotorum* and tutor to James the sixth of Scotland and first of England, matriculated in the ancient one, whilst among the alumni of the other one are to be found the names of Beattie author of the beautiful poem of "The Minstrel," and the celebrated George Colman the younger, of whom some amusing traditional anecdotes are still extant.

There are numerous interesting localities in this town; for instance the house in which Lord Monboddo the eccentric philosopher and metaphysician was born, and in which his family had for a length of time resided. Though a man of deep research and extensive acquirement his imagination was occasionally subject to strange hallucinations. He originated the fanciful theory that primitive man had been like the monkey, ornamented with a tail.

Lord Byron too, that being of "spirit antithetically mixed," passed, as is well known, the earlier years of his life here. I visited the house in Brown street, on the humble first floor of which he resided with his mother, but could learn nothing of either of them, as it has changed occupants several times since.

The theatre, a neat and commodious structure would have been well supported by the inhabitants, but that the company, scenery, orchestra, &c., were wretched in the extreme. The manager, Corbet Ryder, a (good natured indolent man,) was totally incompetent to the duties that devolved upon him. As an illustration of his ignorance, he stated to the writer that he was possessed of the music of two or three well known operas, and on its becoming necessary to perform them, he produced a little work, called "A Pocket Companion for the Flute," in which the airs of the operas in question had been set in the most out-of-the-way keys, nor had he another scrap to produce either vocal or instrumental. He is not, however, a solitary instance of the incredible ignorance of some managers as regards music and literature; they are occasionally to be found on both sides of the Atlantic.

The ancient bridge spoken of in Moore's *Life of Byron*, and which the latter had so superstitious a dread of crossing, is of extreme antiquity, having been erected several centuries since by one of the bishops of Aberdeen. It is very romantically situated at about a mile from the city near the mouth of the river Don, which for a considerable distance runs nearly parallel with the Dee, but through a country of a very different character, as the following ancient distich clearly indicates, viz:

"A foot o' Don's worth twa o' Dee,
Unless it be for fish or tree."

The sea coast which for some miles to the northward, is remarkable only for its flat and unvarying sameness, is on the contrary, south of the town, characterised by the most sublimely

romantic grandeur of which rocky and marine scenery are in their superb and varied combinations susceptible. When standing upon the beetling heights, you cast your eyes upon the scene beneath, imagination is for a time bewildered in the contemplation of its vast magnificence. Immensely massive fragments, which would seem to have been torn from their parent cliff by some awful convulsion of primeval nature, lie scattered in wild confusion upon the beach. Further on, towards the turbulent waters, you behold a ponderous rocky archway formed by the hand of nature, which appears to retain its erect position by miracle, amidst the confused tumbling and dashing of the mighty waves by which it is enveloped. Beyond this again, arises, in isolated majesty, a lofty pinnacle of rock which shooting up

"Like the tall mast of some high admiral,"

has perhaps withstood the storms of centuries, still remaining unscathed amidst "the war of elements," whilst far into the wave on the horizon's verge, may be discerned a solitary vessel steering for its destined port; a near approach to which would no doubt display a scene of life and activity strongly contrasted with the silent loneliness of its course as viewed from afar and impressing the imagination with its resemblance to one of those beings sometimes met with, remarkable only for a calm tranquillity of deportment, whose bosom is perhaps the seat of the most active thought and conflicting emotion.

A rocky height, which rises to a considerable elevation, contiguous to the town, was a frequent and favorite resort of mine, as from its summit I could enjoy an excellent panoramic view of the surrounding country, and frequently cast a wistful glance towards the heath-clad hills which terminated the vista formed by the windings of the river Dee, whose pellucid waters mingled with those of the ocean immediately beneath the eminence on which I stood. It passes on its course through a tract of country varying in pictorial beauty from the graceful and picturesque undulations of banks shadowed by the dense foliage of birch and hazel, to the stern and rugged grandeur of

"The dark-frowning glories of steep Lachin na gar,
and the adjacent mountains, which rise in wild and awful sublimity near its source.

Often have I lingered at my favorite haunt until the last rays of the setting sun had shed their decaying light upon the far off summits of the western hills.

"While, as each heathy top they kiss'd,
It gleamed a purple amethyst."

and as frequently have I asked myself the question "Why should I rest contented with merely reading a description of scenes whose romantic history and savage wildness have been the foundation of much of Scott's celebrity, and to whose powerful influence in early life upon the imagination of Byron, he attributed the origin of his poetic inspiration?"

(To be Continued.)

Lucian says that Ismenias, the celebrated musician of Thebes, gave three talents, or 591/5s for a flute, at Corinth.

For the Dramatic Mirror.
THE
DRAMATIC AUTHORS
OF
AMERICA.

N. P.

We do not speak from mere prejudice in favor of our countrymen's productions, or our actors, but that merit might stand the test of criticism without prejudice, though it be so unfortunate as to claim America for its birth place.—*Strictures on the Drama.*

M. M. NOAH.—*The Fortress of Toronto; The Grecian Captive; The Grand Canal; Marion the hero of Lake George; Oh Yes, or the New Constitution; She would be a Soldier; The Siege of Yorktown; Paul and Alexis; Yusef Caramatti*, all acted with great success. It was announced officially, that Mr. Noah had written and purposed bringing out a comedy entitled—*"Seven Years in the Life of a Politician,"* The editor of the Mirror, thus speaks of the forthcoming piece, and its talented author.

"It is said to be a sparkler—full of the ready wit and good humour of its vivacious and amiable author. A play from the pen of Mr. Noah, reminds us of by-gone times, and will create a sensation in the green-room. We remember, as a thing of yesterday, notwithstanding many years have passed away since that merry night, when Mr. Noah's play of *"She would be a Soldier,"* was first performed; when the bonny Miss Leesugg—now Mrs Hacket—looked like a Hebe, and sung like a nightingale. She played the prominent character; and, although a spinster then, wore the breeches to the infinite delight and satisfaction of everybody. Barnes was then the merriest dog alive—Simpson was in all his glory, and Pritchard was the top tragedian of the Park. We have forgotten who else figured on that memorable occasion, but one thing we shall never forget; each one of the audience, on going into the house, was presented with a printed copy of the play. 'Twas a sad annoyance to the poor actors, very few of whom knew their parts; and, when the curtain rose, and they perceived that each auditor had a book before him, they were scarcely able to articulate what little they had committed to memory! The embarrassment was universal and very amusing, but, when the audience wet their thumbs and all turned over the pages together, the effect was ludicrous in the extreme! The rustling of leaves was prodigious, and the turning of every page was the signal for shouts of boisterous merriment. We have thought of that night a thousand times, and laughed heartily at the recollection of the odd things said and done by Barnes, who was then so great a favorite that he took all manner of liberties with the public with perfect impunity. The writer of this paragraph was a boy at the time, and remembers Mr. Noah as a great literary and political lion of this the greatest of all possible great cities. He told the best story, rounded the best sentence, and wrote the best play of all his contemporaries. He was the life and spirit and quotation of all circles. As editor, critic, and author, he was looked up to as an oracle. He was, in short, the *idoneus homo* of that day. His wit was everywhere repeated, and his kind heartedness—which, by the by, to this very hour has never forsaken him—was the theme of every tongue. He was soon afterwards appointed sheriff, and the only reason ever given for turning him out was, that "the people thought it *devilish* hard that a Jew should hang a christian!" "Pretty christians, forsooth!" said the facetious major in his newspaper, "whose crimes have sent them to the gallows!" While in office, Mr. Noah wrote several other pieces for the stage, which were eminently successful. One of them was so redolent of villainous saltpeetre, brimstone, sulphur, and blue and red lights, that it set fire to the theatre and burnt it to the ground! The proceeds of that night were for the benefit of Mr. Noah. The house was filled

to its utmost limits with the beauty and fashion of the town. Oh the cheerful hearts and radiant faces of that merry occasion! and oh, the applause and hilarity of all the mad wags and wits that were present! The gross receipts were nearly two thousand dollars—a larger sum than is ever seen for the performance of a single evening in these degenerate days of paper currency and empty pockets. It was an awful conflagration that succeeded however, and it produced the greatest distress among the kings and knights, princes and pickpockets, baronets and banditti, and all other heroes of the sock and buskin, who lost every thing they had, and were thrown entirely out of employment until the opening of the Anthony street theatre. Their drooping fortunes here revived by the first appearance of Kean, that aloof-tree of the dramatic groves, which blooms but once in a hundred years. Mr. Noah's two thousand dollars, however, were saved. Mr. Faulkner, the treasurer, had taken the money home with him for safe keeping, and the next day Mr. Price enclosed it to the author. We remember the correspondence that ensued, and we were struck with the generosity and magnanimity of Noah, who, notwithstanding his own pecuniary wants, and they were many at the time, returned every fraction of the amount, and caused it to be divided among the performers, who had been stripped of their little all by the fire! This noble act made a deep impression upon the mind of the writer of this, who, after the lapse of a little life-time, feels an emotion about the heart, while he records in the columns of the Mirror; thinking, perhaps, that it may serve as a hint to Mr. Dunlap, or some other historian of the stage, as a raw material for a more elaborate sketch of one who has done much for the drama and its professors in this country. We could tell a thousand anecdotes of the good major, and we will, one of these days; but as this was not our intention when we began this article, we forgo the pleasure for the present. The truth is, we merely intended to announce that a new play of his was forthcoming, and our feelings, almost against our will, betrayed us into what has followed. If we have given "fancy the whip, imagination the reins, while system came limping behind," his good nature will excuse us; and so will our citizens for writing about one we have known so long and intimately, with something like a heart-glow. G. P. M.

GEORGE PEPPER.—*Kathleen O'Neill; Ireland Redeemed, or the Devoted Princess*, performed at the Lafayette theatre, New York. Kathleen O'Neill, was produced at the Arch street theatre, in 1830-1, Miss Rock playing the principal character. In the preface to a printed copy of this drama, in our possession, the author compliments all the players for the admirable manner they behaved on the occasion. We subjoin an extract:

Enter PRINCE OF THOMOND, disguised as a harper; he appears exhausted, as if from fatigue.

Corm. Why, son of song, you seem to have travelled far; but know that the bards are welcome always to the hall of O'Neil; here hospitality is enlivened by the voice of song. But from what part of this fair Isle hast thou come, minstrel?

Tho. My journey has been long and tedious, though cheered by the kind hospitality that distinguishes our country. From where the majestic Shannoa mingles with the western ocean, have I wandered. During my progress, I have sometimes fared sumptuously, in the castle of the chieftains, and pleasantly in the cot of the peasant; for the rites of hospitality are assiduously observed in the one, as well as in the other. A few miles hence I had the misfortune of losing my way, and have been straying amidst your glens and defiles, unable to get forward, until the sound of your hunting-horns directed me hither to the castle of the chivalric O'Neil.

Corm. Oh, Lord! Father, if this is not the same harper that diverted us all last Michaelmas, with the tales of Fingal and Oasians, and his beautiful songs of the triumphs of Nial the Great.

yes, and it was he that saved the Lady Kathleen from being drowned in the boating match.

O'Con. I was then absent with our heroine Prince.

Corm. And the greater was your loss, for his mirth would chase away the tears from the cheek of a Niobe; he has a charm for turning the weeping into the laughing Philosopher; his jokes stretched my mouth two inches wider, I laughed so much.

Tho. Report speaks loudly of the Prince's virtues.

Corm. It does him but justice, though I must own his brow is now and then a little contracted.

O'Con. 'Tis his brave and lofty spirit that "ever and anon" breaks forth; but where will you find his equal? In war a lion—in peace a lamb; his ample board ever spread for the succour of the hungry wanderer; his sword never drawn, but in the defence of the oppressed; his philanthropic bosom the shrine of truth, and his words sacred as the inviolable oath that angels have registered in the records of heaven.

Corm. Yes, father, we have all pretty good reasons to be convinced of that; for if he should once, even by accident, happen to say, "*Cormack, you must remove this castle,*" as it would be rather cumbersome for one backload, he would make me carry it stone by stone, till I had lodged it in the bottom of the lake.

O'Con. For shame, Cormack! the magnanimous Phelim is firm, but his firmness is not the offspring of capricious obstinacy; the loss of his gallant son, who fell in the glorious battle of Dundalk, where the Saxons of the pale were routed, has thrown a veil of melancholy over his aspect; but where is perfection to be found, if not in Phelim?

Corm. In my mind, a great deal more likely to be found with the Lady Kathleen, that peerless paragon of beauty and benignity. She is the softened image of her sire; she is in alabaster what he is in marble, possessing his firmness without his inflexibility—his noble nature without his pride. He is the oak of the forest, fitted to resist the wintry tempest; she is the blossom of the peach, whose perfume breathes upon the vernal breeze.

THEATRICALS IN BALTIMORE.

FRONT STREET THEATRE.—On Tuesday evening, we looked into this theatre more for shelter from the storm which overlooked us in the neighbourhood, than to witness the performance. There certainly was not thirty dollars, all counted, in the house, yet the play of *Money*, and the drama of the *Carpenter of Rouen*, were acted so well that the audience retired from the theatre impressed with the idea that both manager and actors had consulted their own interest by showing no slight to their visitors, on account of the paucity of numbers, and Wemyss may attribute the visible increase of his audience to the judicious management on this occasion; we hope he will continue the same course of conduct, and success must crown his efforts.

On last Saturday, Mr. A. Addams commenced an engagement as *Damon*; he had not acted in our city for five years, and was received as an old and valued favourite should be;—what a pity that a man of talent, which Addams unquestionably is, should prostrate his genius by putting "an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains," but for this infirmity, he would have disputed the palm of excellence with Mr. E. Forrest, to whom alone he is inferior as a native actor, but there are other actors who are labouring under the same infirmity; we would say to them, "reputation, Iago, reputation!"—On Monday, Mr. Addams appeared as *Virginius*. At the close of the tragedy, one of those awkward blunders which sometimes mar the effect of the best tragedy occurred,—Mr. Matthews (who played *Appius Claudius*) having fallen in the last scene out of distance, was in danger of receiving a blow from the descending curtain; not fancying his position, the *dead Decurion* suddenly rolled over, to the no small amusement of the audience,

and many of the fair damsels who were weeping over the fate of the fair Virginia, smiled at the mortification of the player. On Tuesday, Mr. Addams played Richard III., in which he did not add to his reputation; we would advise him to strike the part from his acting-list. His Hamlet is a finished performance, and one of the best the American stage can afford. The farces at this theatre are well performed, Thorn, Wemyss, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Anderson, and Miss Matthews, sending the audience home in the best of humours.

Mrs. Phillips is a most excellent actress. Ash has mistaken his profession, he never was intended for an actor. Of Mr. Brittingham, we can only say, if he would favour us with the words of the author, they would be more acceptable than his own ideas, however well worded. Mr. Weaver is an addition of value to the company. Mr. Eddy must not become careless, he has much to learn, and with study and attention may become an actor of mediocrity,—no small praise in these degenerate times.—Mrs. Anderson is a valuable actress. Thorn, Matthews, and Wemyss, are known as sterling actors, and with them you have the force of our present dramatic company, which is excellent in comedy and farce, but for tragedy, requires much improvement.

THEATRES IN NEW YORK.

THE PARK.—The day has not arrived when the revival of the drama in New York may be arraigned as past doubt. Our managers seem reluctantly inclined to adopt the means, and the those play-going public but little disposed to adopt supplies which managerial incapacity tenders to its patronage. The truth is, the manager will do nothing for the public, and the public will do nothing for the management. The theatre, to become successful must be rendered fashionable; and it never can become fashionable until it is governed by good taste, and conducted in the very spirit of the arts of music, poetry, and painting, in this delightful union, and in the full splendor of their effects.

The Park Theatre opened with an excellent comic force, and professions of sustaining the legitimate drama by the legitimate means of a sterling stock company. The public hailed the announcement, if not with enthusiasm, with the evidence of that favor which is based upon a better security, good houses—not wrought by sudden excitement and overflowing transitorily to new and undone means; but houses giving assurance to a successful season in the legitimate efforts made to deserve it. The "Midsummer Night's Dream" was admirably cast, take it in all its parts, and was successful; it drew money to the treasury—it was followed by the sterling comedies of the last century which entailed upon the management no expense in production, which was admirably represented, and received with the most unequivocal demonstrations of applause—by better houses by far than had hitherto, for years attended their representation at this theatre. The old comedies were productive to the treasury, and upon no account should the management have arrested their progress.

On Wednesday, 15th, the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet was produced, for the purpose of introducing a young lady by the name of Seymour to an American audience, in the character of Juliet; Mrs. Seymour is familiarly known to a London audience by her maiden name of Allison, and wholly unknown here in her marital cognomen. She is barely in the twenty-first year of her age—highly gifted—rich in mental endowments—enamored of her profession and full of

promise. Her Juliet was a chaste and delicate performance, exhibiting no force to enamour public favour by a strained effort in passages—Her Juliet could be looked upon only as a whole—it was not a new conception of the part, but a new delineation; it was the Juliet of the author—the love sick maid, the tender Juliet, impassioned only as the child of nature would be in the circumstance of the scene—always the girl—the heroine never—and dignified in her demeanour by excitement only. We look upon Mrs. Seymour's Juliet as singularly beautiful in its sweetness, its romantic girliness, and its unaffected delicacy—it was the embodiment of the sublime spirit of the author without one sacrifice to that particular applause which is courted of the injudicious by the pretenders to the art of the drama. Mrs. Seymour may be considered as one of the beauties of the stage, possessing all those personal charms which can never fail to give great interest to any character she may attempt, but we are of opinion she is not moulded in the outline of tragedy; her figure, although unquestionably good, is not of that stately port which custom has prescribed for the Belvideras, Calistas, and Jane Shores of the old school of drama; nature has placed a dimple on her cheek, a laughing expression of the eyes, and a round and mellow sweetness of voice, with a form and figure enlisting her in the corps of Thalia as one not framed to follow but to lead. We are much mistaken if Mrs. Seymour was not exceedingly ill judged in selecting Juliet for her debut, and the tragic battalion for her enlistment.

Mr. Wheatley's Romeo surpassed our expectations—but Mr. Wheatley has much to unlearn and more to learn—he has the stamina of a good actor, he only wants the study to become one. Of the other characters, with the exception of Mrs. Wheatley's nurse, and W. H. Williams's Peter, this deponent sayeth not.

On Tuesday last, Mrs. Seymour took her benefit, when she particularly exhibited that singular versatility of talent which so eminently distinguished her brilliant career at the theatres Royal, Drury Lane and the Haymarket, London. On this occasion, she sustained the part of *Amanthis*, in the charming little comedy of *The Child of Nature*, which she delineated in the most artless and exquisite manner. The domestic sketch, *the Captive* followed, and she concluded her performances of the evening with *Clari*, in the drama so called.

Mrs. Seymour has justified all our predictions, it is impossible she can ever be excelled in the simple beauty of her impersonation of the character of *Amanthis*—it glowed with all the freshness of nature—it was nature itself wholly inartificial and redolent in the graces and symmetry of its delineation with the perfection aimed at it by its author. Mrs. Seymour was most powerfully sustained by Browne in Count Valencia, and we trust we were not dismissed upon the fall of the curtain without a hope of its re representation. Mrs. Seymour is a great card, if the manager will but furnish those opportunities for the display of talents which are of superior order and commanding characters. We have no hesitation in saying if Mrs. Seymour could be prevailed upon to become a member of a stock company, she would prove herself one of the most valuable acquisitions to the stage.

Her dramatic sketch of *the Captive*, was singularly powerful, and impassioned, it can only be

seen and heard to be duly appreciated. It spoke volumes for the taste of a London audience which had attended her representation of *the Captive* for upwards of three hundred nights!!! Our review of the performance at this theatre have already attained to such a length, we must briefly conclude with noticing *Clari* as the concluding entertainment which was admirably sustained throughout. We shall return to the subject in our next.

BALTIMORE.

From our Correspondent.

The Front street theatre has been doing, during the past week, a very fair business, so far as the treasury is concerned, and Mr. Wemyss certainly has a right to demand from the theatrical public that ample encouragement which would enable him both to carry out his idea of a thorough reform, in the filling up of the scene, heretofore so shamefully neglected with us, and to recruit his corps with more efficient actors, a consummation wished, and imperiously demanded, as much so in justice to himself as to the public. Mr. A. Addams made his bow on Saturday evening to a full house, in *Damon*. Essentially a melo drama, this piece affords great scope for the style both of Mr. Forrest and Mr. Addams, who assimilate very closely in their delineation of the part. On this occasion Mr. Addams drew down strong plaudits in almost every scene, and was most excellent in many. In the celebrated scene at the end of the fourth act, in which Mr. Forrest plays such 'fantastic tricks,' Mr. Addams was much superior to the 'national tragedian,' simply because he did not attempt more than good nature would justify. Mr. Eddy's Pythias was the 'shocking event' of the evening, and the manager is to be censured for thrusting him into parts that he is mentally and physically unfitted for—he is a mere novice in the profession. Mr. Matthews was extremely clever in *Dionysius*; he is a most excellent reader.—Mrs. Phillips fully exemplified the remark of Napoleon, "that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous;" by attempting what was impossible for her to enact, (as Calanthe) she made her auditors smile at what should have been the most affecting portions of the play. Miss Matthews did the fair *Hermion*, but as it was obviously necessity alone that induced her to appear in it, it would be uncharitable to say aught relative to it.

Listening to Mr. Addams, while reciting the last speech of *Damon*, "I'm here upon my throne," &c, has it never occurred to you, that it is precisely such a harangue as the Pythagorean never would have made? abounding with encomiums on himself, and replete with the essence of egotism throughout.

Mr. Addams gave it with excellent discretion, and I am in hopes, that he has seen the folly of his former career, and is henceforth determined to be a different being.

Yours, SIGMA.

FOREIGN.

From the gossip of the English papers it is impossible to gather facts connected with the stage, for which we can vouch. There still appears to be uncertainty attending the reported return of Charles Kemble to the stage. On dit that Miss Adelaide Kemble is to come out at Covent Garden, though the lady herself prefers her Majesty's Theatre for her debut. By the way, the season at this house closed on the 17th of August.

One paper tells the preposterous story that "the Hon. Mrs. Norton is about to appear on the stage of Covent Garden!" After this, upon what can we rely? The same paper states that *Vestris* has offered Seguin 20*l.* a week, and that he will probably at once leave America. We learn that he intends, on the contrary, to go to New Orleans this winter.

DRAMATIC MIRROR, AND LITERARY COMPANION.

Saturday Morning, September 25th, 1841.

THE STAGE,

Actor, Author, Audience, &c., &c.

The stage has always been considered the standard for correct pronunciation; the pulpit, the bar—nay, even the halls of our legislature are but improper schools to attain that nice perspicuity and accuracy of expression which beautifies and adorns the accomplished writer. The real character, and, we may say, dignity of the drama were obscured by the errors, and the prejudices of the many, until the enlightened few dispelled them, as it were by the magic wand of genius. It has been said by a distinguished bard, that the stage

"Threads each labyrinth of the soul,
Wakes laughter's pen, and bids the tear drop roll,
That hoots at folly, mocks proud fashion's slave,
Unlocks the hypocrite, and brands the knave."

The stage has undergone many and various changes. The age of Elizabeth was one in which the drama shone forth in all its splendor—it was a glorious epoch for dramatic poetry. The Queen, during her lengthy reign, witnessed the first infantine attempts of the English theatre, as well as some of the most masterly productions of Shakspeare. The bard had a lively feeling for the general and rapid increase in the beauties of the drama—the development of its qualities, and the extraordinary interest taken in it by the English Queen.—He viewed it with a joyous pride. The encouragement given to genius as traced in the matchless creations of his intellect, which successive ages continue to regard with undiminished admiration.—Will we have another such an epoch in dramatic history?

The American drama like every other branch of our literature, is yet only in the spring-time of its existence. A strong and universal taste for theatrical amusement has been created, and the votaries of Melpomene are to be found in the remotest regions of our vast country, giving as it were, to the western wilds a deeper and a richer hue.

For the gratification of this taste, we are almost exclusively indebted to the genius of England, but the time is approaching when our literature will be as dear to us as our liberty, and the accumulation of materials will yield to the drama a richer harvest than that furnished to the inspired bards of Europe, by those all-absorbing events which have given to the old country an interest in which we have so wildly and enthusiastically participated. Our own history, the most peculiar and interesting in the world, is full of beautiful and exciting associations. Why need we look further?

We must, however, first reform the stage. The author and actor are the medium through which is conveyed the deep-drawn characters of all nations. The stage is their field of action, and, if we allow vice, immorality, and ignorance to supersede the great design of portraying these characters, and permit the exalted to be debased, the lofty and sublime sentiments of the one ridiculed and burlesqued by the other, we might as well permit rope dancing, juggling, and low cunning to usurp the place of the legitimate at once. When the drama was in its purity—and there are periods when such was the fact—there was a

closer union between poetry and personation than there is now, and we fear ever will be again. Then the drama stood for much more than it does at present; it was a novel, a poem, a play, and the artists were men of genius.

We notice with regret even at this enlightened period of our stage history, a total disregard of all those principles upon which the purity, the very chastity of the drama depends; actors are not alone to blame, managers show a corresponding disposition, hence the degraded state of the drama. There is a total disregard to the propriety of dress, an unpardonable incorrectness in the pronunciation of plain English, a slovenly slipshod manner by which all unaccented vowels are made convertible sounds, such as *Buboon*, *circumstance*, *hulter*, *estimation*, *reputation*, *her for hear*, and *hurt for heart*, are a few of the inaccuracies we notice during a performance at the theatres. Again we hear, a robustuous fellow using the word *captain* for *captain*, *exceed* frequently used for *succeed*, *hincination* for *inclination*, *hattire* for *attire*, *hull* for *whole*, *suppercilious* for *supercilious*, *croon* for *crown*, *jestice* for *justice*, *shamber* for *chamber*, *engelic* for *angelic*, *keend* for *kind*. It is a most villainous practice, and we hope they will reform it.

Another great evil is public depravity at our theatres. Nothing shocks virtue more than a display of vice; it disgusts even those whose associations render them conversant with such scenes; what then must it be to the quiet, retired female, who is induced to visit the theatre in company with her friends. When Miss Davenport, the popular little actress, refused to play some years ago, in Albany, in consequence of the immoral character of the establishment there, it was with a due regard to those she knew would like to patronise her, as well as her own interest. So thought the manager in relation to himself, for he instantly complied with the numerous requests made to him, and his doors were closed against that class of females which have been incorrectly termed—the necessary evils of society. What was the consequence?—a total reformation in the public mind in regard to theatricals, for the house was crowded, during her engagement, with the beauty and fashion of Albany. And to this day, the character of the theatre has not deteriorated. It struck us very forcibly that the attempt might be made here. Women's voices high in dispute, (words unfit for the hearing of virtuous ears,) mingled with the harsher tones of men's voices, are heard from the upper tier of boxes of our theatres. If permitted to go on—they will in time become part of the performance, and actors, and audience, take part; we remember when such indeed was the case at a minor theatre in this city, which, for years after its downfall affected the interest of a well regulated establishment. One noisy female with a gang of bullies around her, can not only disturb an audience, but cast a stigma on the drama, which was intended to "hold as it were, the mirror up to nature," and not for the purposes of indecent mirth, or immoral language.

Our theatres are frequented by the most respectable of our citizens—the appearance of well filled boxes is a check to open licentiousness, for vice will shrink from virtue, when they are placed as it were face to face. Re-

cently, however, in consequence probably of the theatres not being so well attended, the noise has been somewhat annoying. It is for the audience to put a check to it when the neglect of the police, or the good nature of an unthinking manager overlooks it.

To preserve the purity of the drama, the temple wherein its votaries assemble should be sacred. All profane and improper words omitted in their representations. Many actors substitute their own base coinage of words for those of the author. Profane oaths, and curses sound harshly to delicate ears, and if found in the author, the good sense of the actor should prompt him to avoid their use.

These are a few of the evils to which we would call the attention of the manager. Give the stage a character, a decided moral character, and moral people will frequent it. The theatre is useful as a school of instruction, it is no less so as a source of endless amusement, and we are not only gratified while there, but the cause of that gratification forms a never failing fund of agreeable reflection afterwards. Destroy this feeling, lessen the delight we enjoy in visiting the theatre, by permitting rowdiness and vulgar women to usurp the actor's province, and it sinks at once to a par with the brothel, or a merry Andrew's booth. Correct the actor, teach him to respect the audience, stick to the author, reform abuses, instruct the police, assume the command with a due regard to the moral character of the stage, and the manager will not only gain the confidence of the public, but what to him is of more consequence, their patronage.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A constant reader and subscriber's" suggestion in regard to the biographies of celebrated dancers as well as actors, is not lost upon us. That being a part of the original design of the Mirror. If the writer is in possession of any MSS. relative to any of the individuals named, he can send them to our address.

"S. P." will perceive that we have in part only, complied with his request. We thank him for the compliment paid us in the postscript.

☞ We cannot endorse our Baltimore correspondent's critical notice of Addam's *Damon*, particularly when it is done at the expense of our celebrated tragedian, Forrest.

Ludlow and Smith opened the St. Louis theatre on the 25th ult., at one half of the old prices. This is a bad movement, for the prices have always kept up the character of the drama in the west. The performances on the occasion were *Robert Macaire* and *Animal Magnetism*. Robert Macaire, by Mr. De Bar, being his first appearance in St. Louis.

N. B. Extraordinary movement on the part of the managers—the name of *De Bar* on the bills of the day was in small letters!!! Here is a move on the *chequer board* of the drama which will be a losing game to the star player.

Mrs. Pritchard that was, Mrs. Riley that is, at the last accounts was playing *Margaret of Burgundy*, in Franklin, Miss. We would give a copy of that same play, (which by the way we lay some claim to in the way of authorship,) to have a list of the company performing there. Can our friend North who edits a paper in that ilk, inform us?

MRS. LAFOREST.

It is our intention to notice the members of each theatrical company, separately, point out their errors, and dwell upon their excellences. To us one is as pleasing as the other, for if we praise, they are deserving; if we censure, it is with just and sufficient cause.

Mrs. Laforest, of the Arch Street theatre, is an artiste—her knowledge of the profession, including the art of pleasing, have been acquired by long and arduous study, and if she has not reached the acme of her ambition, the fault is to be attributed to herself.

It has been and ever will be to the enthusiastic mind, a source of annoyance to have one's early efforts extolled to the very echo, it carries them as it were over time and space and places them at the top-most round of the ladder without any volition of their own. It is this which hastened to ruin the actor, it is this overwhelming praise of moderate merit which has hurried young genius to ruin. The subject of our present sketch, however, partly escaped this railroad route to fame, by judiciously adopting a middle course, and pursuing the old route, the consequence of which is, she has already reached half way on her journey, while those who rushed wildly passed her, have made the trip, and are going noiselessly back again. In the acting of Mrs. Laforest, there is a great deal of quiet humour, which at times is irresistible, and for which her features are peculiarly calculated. In light comedy, musical pieces, broad farce, Mrs. Laforest has few equals if any, at present on the stage. That exquisite arch look, that twist of the mouth, *a la Jefferson* and the sly joke, partly her own, are all so decidedly comic, that the man who could resist the temptation to laugh, should never go to the theatre unless to cry. As a vocalist Mrs. Laforest can claim a respectable rank, but we speak of her more particularly as a comedian, and we would observe here that it is more difficult for a female to excite the risible faculties of an audience, than it is for a male, hence the popularity of Mrs. Fitzwilliam—hence the popularity of Mrs. Laforest.

Mrs. Laforest takes many liberties, more particularly with the author, nor can we find fault with her, for the effect she produces seems in a measure to justify the liberty. Still she is wrong, for when an audience finds out that her words are impromptu, the delusion of the scene is lost, the connection between author and actor destroyed, they feel as if they had the same freedom of speech, and may ultimately exercise it. Stick to the author if you value a lasting reputation. Mrs. Laforest should never assume the tragic sceptre, she might look the queen, but she never can speak or act as one. There is that in her countenance which tells plainly that comedy not tragedy reigned at her birth. Mr. Forrest would succeed better in low comedy than would Mrs. Laforest in any character having a cast of melancholy about it.

Sheridan's wit sparkled to the last. When he was on his death-bed he was earnestly recommended to suffer an operation, but peremptorily refused, saying, that he had submitted to two operations in his life-time, and that was enough for any man. Being asked what operations they were, he added, sitting for a portrait, and having his hair cut.

DRAMATIC INCIDENT.

Some years ago Booth was playing the elder Brutus, at the "Mud theatre, in Baltimore, and the wife of Andrew Jackson Aiken, the American costumer, was the Lucretia of the night. Brutus has to speak a long oration over the dead body of the martyred matron, but as the weather was bitterly cold, Mrs. Allen induced the manager to place a supernumerary boy on the bier. As it was not necessary that any portion of the body should be seen, excepting the profile of the face, the deception was not discovered by Booth. The tragedian had proceeded a few lines in his speech, when a slight shiver was observed to agitate the dead body. Booth ascribed this to the cold draught of air to which the self-immolated Lucretia, was exposed, and went on—the boy writhed; Booth muttered between his teeth—"Lie still, madam, recollect you're dead." Another violent contortion of the corpse. The orator became excited and exclaimed loud enough to be heard in the pit—"damn nation, madam, if you don't quit that infernal wriggling I'll leave the stage." He proceeded however until he came to the lines—

Behold that frozen corpse;

See where the lost Lucretia sleeps in death.

Here the bier shook as though its burthen had been galvanized, and the body sprang from the tressels in its winding sheet, and rushing to the footlights, exclaimed—"blast me if I am going to lay on that ere bench to be drowned!" It is impossible to conceive the ludicrous figure the boy presented. He was enveloped in several white sheets, the ends of which trailed behind him, and his face was perfectly black. The audience was convulsed with laughter, which never ceased till the curtain fell.

It was afterwards discovered that Sam Drake, a comedian of facetious memory, had obtained from the paint room, a pot of liquid lampblack, and placed himself in the "flies" immediately over the representative of the defunct Roman matron. At intervals he poured small quantities of the sable fluid, directly in the face of the unhappy youth, but at length the whole contents of the vessel descending in a shower, it was too much for flesh and blood to bear, and produced the ludicrous catastrophe.

MR. JOHN A. STILL.

This delightful vocalist is now in the city. After an absence of six years he has returned to his native home, with the reputation of being one of the finest singers in the southern country. Mr. Still has been for several years out of the profession, but many will recall the days "long past," when he delighted the Philadelphians with the melody of his voice. He has been engaged for the last several years in teaching singing in the South; the writer of this has met him frequently at private *soirees* in New Orleans, and can truly say that he has heard nothing to equal the delightful melodies which he gave on those occasions. Recently Mr. Still has been giving a series of concerts, his success has been great, and the press warm in his praise. We copy from the Chicago American, the following tribute to his talents, and as Mr. Still contemplates giving concerts in this city, our readers may judge of his claims to their attention.—

MR. STILL.—It affords us infinite pleasure to state that this gentleman's singing at the Saloon last evening realized our highest anticipations.—We expressed ourselves in strong

terms in alluding to the entertainment, and we are now perfectly satisfied that we were no way in error. Never, as far as we could judge, were an audience more delighted. Mr. Still sung with inimitable grace and spirit. Indeed, in at least four of his songs, we say without hesitation, that he is fully the equal of Mr. Wood, though his voice is not one of so much compass. This we consider the highest compliment we are able of paying him. The best parts of Wood's celebrated and never-to-be-forgotten, "Still so gently o'er me stealing," were, to our taste, not superior to "My bark is on the billow," and the "Fairy Tempter," as sung by Mr. Still. The spirit and exquisite finish with which this gentleman executed "My heart's in the Highlands," called forth reiterated plaudits.—"Here's a health to thee, Mary," was but little if any inferior. The ballad of "Poor Bessy," was inexpressibly touching. It could not possibly have been rendered more effective. We certainly saw more than one moistened eye in our neighborhood while it was being sung. Mr. Still's style is natural and simple but extremely graceful. It is winning, not dazzling. Tenderness and sweetness predominate. Others may possess more science—none can have more harmony and flexibility of voice. Sweeter tones cannot well be conceived. Mr. Still attempts no display, but every thing is easy, natural and as if he were impressed with the sentiments he is uttering. He possesses the merit of completely identifying himself with his songs. This we regard as the great test of a singer. A real vocalist must possess both talent and feeling, and Mr. Still unites them.

FANNY ELSSLER.

This accomplished danseuse closed her engagement at the Chesnut St. Theatre on Tuesday evening.—The house was crowded—the stage was strewed with bouquets, showered upon it by somebody, and the evening's entertainments concluded with the following speech by Elssler to her worshippers,—

"I fear you will get tired of me before I go, but I will risk it for the delight of seeing you once more."

Mr. Richings read from the stage the following letter, which announced the appearance of Fanny Elssler, for one night more, being for the benefit of the manager, Mr. Pratt. This was received with shouts of the most marked approbation.

Philadelphia, Sept. 18th 1841.

TO MAD'LE FANNY ELSSLER:

My dear Madam.—From the kindly interests you have ever evinced in the welfare of the Chesnut Street Theatre, and from the sympathy you have often expressed with regard to the difficulties that establishment has had to encounter, I am induced to request your valuable services on the night of my Benefit, which I anticipate taking at as early a period as possible.

In such consideration I shall be most happy to tender you the terms already spoken of in a conversation, which passed upon the subject. Should you accede, I beg that you will appoint that night which may best suit your convenience, and in conclusion can only say, that whether or not I am fortunate enough to be favored with this additional proof of your kindness the obligations already conferred will ever be remembered by your

Most obedient,
L. T. PRATT,

Philadelphia, Sept 20, 1841.

L. T. PRATT, Esq.:

Dear Sir.—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your note informing me of your intention to take a Benefit, and requesting my professional services for that occasion. To defer my departure from Philadelphia to a later period will occasion me both inconvenience, and a con-

siderable pecuniary sacrifice, but the conviction of having it in my power to render you an essential service is a sufficient inducement to encounter both. It will give me great pleasure to perform for your Benefit, and I decline all remuneration for the occasion. The munificent terms you have proffered me, I waive all claim to, since I desire you to receive this act on my part, as an emphatic expression of my good will towards you as a man, and in acknowledgement of the extreme good faith and punctuality you have observed in all your liabilities as a Manager.

Permit me to name Thursday next for your Benefit.

I am very truly yours,
FANNY ELSSLER.

Philadelphia, Sept. 21st. 1841.

TO MAD'LE. FANNY ELSSLER:

My Dear Madam.—Words are too feeble to express how deeply and truly impressed I am with the weight of your unlooked for liberality, in tendering your *gratuitous* services for my Benefit.

Suffer me, without preface or any flourish, to add in all the sincerity of my heart, I thank you, and that you may ever reap a rich reward for the kindness you have on all occasions displayed in every thing that pertains to my interests, is the sincere desire of

Your obliged and ob't. serv't.

L. T. PRATT.

PHILADELPHIA THEATRICALS.

CHESNUT STREET THEATRE.—It is to be regretted that this establishment has the character of being exclusively aristocratic. What has given rise to this opinion, and why is it that it prevails throughout all classes of society? Aristocracy pursues fashion, no matter whether it be confined to the gratification of the eye, or the improvement of the mind; if phantom fashion leads, the *elite* follow. It has been of late fashionable to crowd the theatre to see Elssler dance, and for that purpose the prices of the boxes for the aristocracy were raised. It is not the fashion for the aristocracy to visit the theatre to witness a sterling play, and then—the prices of the boxes are lowered. This line of distinction so palpably drawn between the rich and the poor, keeps the one class from the theatre when it is not fashionable, and the other class when it is; hence on the nights when the attractive star is absent, both classes as by mutual consent, stay away. An exclusive theatre cannot exist, cannot live in this country. The *elite* will not go every night, the middling class will, it is therefore the manager's interest to throw open his house to all, but more particularly to those who are likely to be his best customers. The manager of the Chesnut street theatre is behind the age—the old system of catering will not do—he cannot calculate on the aristocracy—they cannot calculate themselves. He must have a uniform price. The pit should be converted into a parquette, with an opening through the front boxes. The boxes and parquette fifty cents—this places the lower part of the house on an equality, and the wealthy mechanic will then bring his family, and take whatever part of the house he likes, the price being the same, parquette or box. Beauty and fashion we have no doubt would take the former, for it decidedly would be the best part of the house. Those who still cling to what is termed the dress circle would shine out there, and nestle themselves into an aristocratical corner if they like. The gallery could remain at twenty five cents, and we venture to

say that if this plan was adopted 'Old Drury,' would once more be as it was in the days of Wood and Warren; the temple of Melpomene, the centre of attraction, old associations would be called up, and those who have deserted it in its plenitude of folly, would return to it in its plenitude of wisdom.

The company is a sterling one. Good old comedies have been produced here in a masterly manner, and we regret to say to empty benches—this must not be. There should be a re-action. Such talent as is congregated in the Chesnut street company should not be permitted to pine for want of encouragement. On Thursday night, the 16th, "The Wonder; or a Woman Keeps a Secret," was played with an excellent cast. Mr. Wood as Col. Britton, Mr. Mason as Don Felix—Mr. Richings, Mr. Faulkner, Mr. Lambert, Mr. Neafie, Mr. Eberle, Mrs. Hunt, Miss Hildreth, Mrs. Logan, Mrs. Lambert, &c., in the other characters of the comedy, was a treat indeed. But alas! Fashion was not present—aristocracy was asleep—playgoers were elsewhere. On Saturday evening, a powerful bill to a poor house. The play was the 'Honey Moon,' and 'Zembucca.'

On Tuesday, Elssler's benefit,—the house was crowded to suffocation, "A Rowland for an Oliver" was admirably performed;—nothing could surpass the acting of Mr. Faulkner in Fixture. We were pleased to see his efforts so highly appreciated.

Thursday, Manager Pratt's benefit—Elssler in her favorite dances,—Simpson and Co.,—Mr. Tasistro as Shylock, in a scene from the Merchant of Venice, on which occasion fashion filled the theatre for the last time, for the Elssler's gone!

It must be evident to the management that there is something rotten in Denmark, a radical change must be made in every department, the people must be consulted, their wishes granted, their pride, their feelings conciliated. Open your doors for the many, not the few; do away with the aristocratic system, and invite those of every rank to take a place in your temple, without mark or distinction; have one price—at all times, and on every occasion. Many of our churches have adopted an excellent system for keeping the poor out, which is to cushion and decorate their pews, carpet the floors, and dazzle them by a display of wealth and the power and influence of aristocracy, without any reference to the policy of the church, we beg most respectfully to say in conclusion, in theatrical matters it will never do.

THE NATIONAL.—Valsha has been the leading star at this house. She has been relieved however, by Nick of the Woods, and Sandford. The manager announces a new tragedy, written by a gentleman of this city. We are pleased at this announcement, and if Mr. Burton will only hold out inducements to authors, (we don't mean in the money way) by getting up their pieces in his usual excellent manner, there is no doubt we shall have a re-action in our dramatic market, and he properly, as he should be encouraged. We are in favour of domestic manufacture, and if the material be of good texture, time will improve the gloss.

The National closed on Thursday, in consequence of the powerful attraction at the Chesnut Street, being for the benefit of Mr. Pratt.

ARCH STREET THEATRE.—There was produced at this place on last Monday evening, a new drama, translated from the French, by J. Serle, Esq., entitled "16 Years Ago," and the Burlesque of the "Bank Monster, or Specie, vs. Shimplasters," from the pen of a young dramatist of this city. The drama was replete with interest, bustle, and incident, which seems a prominent feature of the French productions. The plot is simple, and has its origin in one of the many romantic occurrences of the blood-stained days in the history of France. To wit: Amelia, daughter to the Count St. Clairville, appears, from what we were enabled to discern, to have fallen a victim "sixteen years ago," to the forced embraces of a captain in the imperial guard, afterwards the Baron St. Val, whom she marries, and anxious to conceal her youthful adventure, Felix, the offspring, at the opening of the piece, is accompanied by Jeume, an old retainer of the family, to a distant part of the country. Through the villany of Chambord, chief of the gypsy robbers, who saws away the log bridge over which Jerome attempts to pass, the life of this faithful attendant on Felix, is lost, and the youth thrown into the hands of Loupry, who professes a friendship, and leads him to the farm house of Aniere. Fatigued with his journey, the villagers prepare for him at night-fall a place of repose, and during his sleep, Loupry returns, robs him, and sets fire to the out-buildings of the farm. Felix is accused as the incendiary, and at the instigation of the Mayor of St. Pie, is taken before the Countess de Clairville, in order to account for some valuable jewels which he claims as his property, and which are known to belong to the Countess, they having been found on the person of the gipsey, whom they have arrested. The Countess, to shield her son from the penalty of the robbery, acknowledges him, and struck with the deception practised upon the Baron St. Val, who is present on the occasion of her avowal, she resolves to enter a convent.

The scene which ensues, discloses the fact of the Baron, having himself been the instrument of her shame, a mutual explanation takes place, and the piece terminates with the happy *denouement*. We have imperfectly sketched the plot, in accordance with our intention, leaving the detail for the reader's imagination, or the better alternative of witnessing this interesting drama.

The Count St. Clairville, in the hands of Watson, lacked dignity. Boswell, as the Curate of Ariene, a very chaste and correct piece of acting. This young gentleman promises to be an ornament to the profession. Felix was interestingly portrayed by Mrs. Harrison, and the part of the Countess by Mrs. Charles, replete with startling effect. Christopher, by Logan was very well enacted. Jerome, the old retainer, by Harrison, the best character he has represented this season. Smith as Loupry performed it cleverly, and costumed it correctly—an excellent performer, and worthy of encouragement. Charles, as the Baron St. Val, entirely too youthful, but his reading was good, and performance effective. To close these strictures we would respectfully suggest to the manager to read the following passage of Hamlet to Myers, whose performance of Farmer Thomas, has rendered this advice necessary—

"Your clowns shall speak no more than is set down for them; for they be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though in the meantime some necessary question of the play

to be considered; that's villainous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it."

Those who witnessed his performance of Farmer Thomas, and the interesting bye-play of the straw, must certainly have been reminded of Pope's line—

"Pleased with a rattle and tickled with a straw."

The Bank Monster—a perfect delineation of broad grins—it has cured us of a liver attack of dyspepsia. Dr. Abernethy's celebrated treatise on the origin and treatment of the disease, which was kindly loaned to us by a friend, is now useless—we are cured.

WALNUT ST. THEATRE.—J. R. SCOTT, &c.—Othello.—This tragedy was played at the above establishment on Thursday, the 16th inst. with a cast comprising the whole strength of the company. Mr. Scott appeared as Othello, Mr. Booth as Iago. We could see no very evident improvement in Mr. Scott since we saw him last, he trifles with his reputation in the total neglect of the author. *Shakespeare is not to be trifled with.* Mr. Scott should also remember, that every passion has a different expression, and that all passion is rather vehement and energetic than loud. The beauty of acting consists in delineating the character to the life, exercising however, the artistes prerogative of giving additional coloring to the picture. Othello is not one of the most difficult of Shakespeare's characters, and to one of Mr. Scott's figure, it is peculiarly adapted, Garrick with all his genius could not make up for the deficiency of person. He, it is said, attempted it once, and was ridiculed. Possessing the requisite of figure, and having a partial knowledge of the character aided by a manly voice, Mr. Scott should endeavor to make Othello a feature in his line of acting. This can only be attained by close and unremitting study. We noticed that Mr. Scott husbanded himself for particular passages, this is wrong; Othello is one continued stream of beauties; flashes of genius light up all sombreness about it—it is masterly throughout.

Othello's anger at the night brawl, his horror and disgust, when he says, "I'd rather be toad," &c., were given with considerable effect, and received a round of well merited applause. Mr. Scott was complimented here for his excellence, but he was not reprimanded for his carelessness in other passages. We consider this one of Forrest's principal scenes, and if Mr. S. had imitated him we should have exercised the critic's right with severity, but it was unlike, and it gives us pleasure to accord to Mr. Scott our unqualified praise, it was admirably delivered.

"Had it pleased heaven—

Farewell the tranquil mind," &c.

Did not please us, the position of the actor was bad, there should have been a total abandon of self—the whole system should feel as it were the sinking of hope of life—wishing, and the voice broken-breathing the farewell—"Othello's occupation's gone." Then follows the sudden transition—the doubt which gives life—hope—all—for he says—

"If thou dost slander her," &c.

This scene is one of the gems of Othello, and should call forth all the genius as well as the power of the actor.

Mr. Booth's Iago did not please us on this occasion—the look of malignant triumph, which should discover itself—when Othello's face was averted—was wanting—"Richard" was not himself.

The Desdemona of Mrs. Flynn, is one of her best characters, and that for an actress who plays without intermission, is saying a great deal.

The Amelia of Miss Randolph was tame, she had not studied it sufficiently.

On Saturday last, the manager produced two wretched things—

"Giovanni,
And Hervio Nani."

And to our no small astonishment, they have kept the house open for nearly a week. A more tame and impotent attempt at wit and humour in the first piece, we never witnessed, and why it should be allowed to hold possession of the stage for more than one night, is to us a mystery.

Hervio Nano is perhaps less a humbug, for some of his feats are truly remarkable.

On Wednesday evening, the Veteran, in which Mr. Scott appeared.

NEW YORK THEATRICALS.

PARK THEATRE.—The Merry Wives of Windsor was performed on Monday night, to a very respectable, but not a crowded auditory, and went off with very considerable applause. Mr. Hackett's Falstaff was certainly a better personation of the witty humorous old coxcomb than he usually gives us; Miss Cushman and Mrs. Knight as the "Merry Wives" were deservedly applauded and the songs introduced by the latter lady were executed in a superior style. Frederick looked well as Ford, but his delivery of the text was very bad. Williams was out of his element as Master Slender—Latham, Barry and Fisher played with great spirit,—Mrs. Wheatley as Mrs. Quickly was good—very—and Miss Taylor looked and played prettily as Anne Page; On Tuesday the Child of Nature was played here for the first time these ten years for the benefit of Mrs. Seymour, (the lady who made her first appearance here on the 15th inst.) together with Clari. The Captive, and Forty and Fifty.—Wednesday evening Rip Van Winkle and His Last Legs. Mr. Hackett as Rip Van Winkle and O'Callaghan.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The Ravels made their first appearance this season on Monday evening, their numbers having been reinforced with several eminent artists. The inimitable Gabriel is still the *directeur* of this unequalled troupe, whose return was welcomed by a crowded and fashionable audience.—Tuesday the Rifle Brigade, and Fashionable Arrivals, with the Concerts of a la Musard.—On Wednesday the Ravels in the new pantomime of *Hortense*. Miss Jane Sloman took her benefit and last appearance on Thursday evening. C. Howard appears on Monday next.

OLYMPIC.—The Wreck, or the Isle of Beauty, a new burletta by Mr. Horncastle was produced on Monday, and through the week the popular piece of *Sam Parr, Turned Head*, Mrs. Norner, *Familiar Friend*,—have drawn full houses.

List of the Olympic Company:—Mitchell Proprietor, Horncastle, Edwin, Graham, Nickerson, Roberts, Clarke, Horton, Barnett, Baker and Mast. Baker, Mr. Corbyn, Treas. Geo. Loder leader of the Orchestra, Mr. Bengough. Mesdames Timm, Watts, Henry, Baldock, Barnett, Montgomery, Lansing,—Misses Singleton, Randall, Roberts, Jones, Smith and Wilson.

BOWERY.—Shakspeare's celebrated comedy of *As you like it*, and the *Heart of Mid Lothian* from the pathetic story of Effie Deans by Sir Walter Scott, was performed for the benefit of Mrs. Shaw, on Monday evening, to a very fair house. *Rosalind* by Mrs. Shaw—Jaques, Mr. Hamblin—and in the '*Heart of Mid Lothian*,' Madge Wildfire, by Mrs. Shaw we have had nothing new at this house for the past week, with the exception of Mad'llie Romanini, whose wonderful exhibition on the copper wire astonishes every beholder. On Monday evening the new drama of "*The Deerslayer*," (from the novel of that name by Cooper) will be produced.

CHATHAM.—On Monday evening for the benefit of Yankee Hill—Casper Hauser, New Notions, and Cut and Come again—full houses.

VAUXHALL GARDEN.—The pretty little Miss Gennon has been making quite a sensation here the past week in some of her favourite pieces;—and also Mrs. Sharpe in some of her charming melodies—on Tuesday evening, Mr. T. G. Booth, the prince of comic melodists took a benefit.

CONCERTS.—On Monday evening there was a concert a la Musard at the Apollo. Tuesday evening one at the City Hotel—Wednesday, Mrs. Sutton, '*une artiste Americaine*,' had a soiree musicale at the Apollo.

BOSTON.

Forrest has been drawing great houses at the Tremont.

Murdoch is a great favourite with the frequenters of the National—his stage management gives universal satisfaction; the houses are excellent. Mr. and Mrs. Proctor are increasing in favour, the Bostonians have a treasure in Mrs. P.

NEW ORLEANS.

Extract of a Letter from our Correspondent.
New Orleans, Sept. 9, 1841.

The yellow fever is very bad with us at present, which throws a gloom over every thing. The St. Charles is undergoing a cleansing, and some alterations for the better, I think. Caldwell has determined to spare no expense this winter, in having one of the most varied and fullest stock companies in the world; so that the fickle taste of audiences may be gratified with 'tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral comical, tragical historical,' &c., &c. In truth, Caldwell has set himself at work, and you know how indefatigable he is, and how much he is capable of doing.

ITEMS.

Mrs. Fitzwilliam and Buckstone have been playing in Montreal with the greatest success. We may expect them in New York next month.

It appears to be still uncertain whether Fanny Elssler will play at the Park. It should be known soon, that those who desire to see her again before she leaves this part of the world, may avail themselves of her engagement in other cities.

Mrs. Richardson, better known in New York as Mrs. Chapman, has left the stage, and is giving lessons in music in Baltimore.

Mr. Barton, facetiously called the classic actor and scholar, is playing a star engagement at Rochester, New York, in a little theatre under the management of Mr. Dean.

Mons. and Madame Checkini are at Buffalo performing in the *Ice Witch*. The *Great Western*, a new burletta was produced there on the 20th for the benefit of Mr. Marble.

The *Diavolo Family* are at Quebec.—The *Mast Hughes* are at Nantucket.

Miss Reynolds is at Albany, playing *Constance* in the *Love Chase*.

POPULAR SONGS.

CHAUNTING BENNY; OR, THE BATCH
OF BALLADS.TUNE—*Catalani Joe.*

When quite a babe, my parents said,
As how I'd got a voice, sir—
They would not give me not no trade,
So singing I took for choice, sirs,
All other chaunters I outshine,
In fact I'm localist, sir—
And since I've been out in the line,
I'm a regular vocalist, sir.
So listen to me while I cry,
Songs, three yards a penny—
Then if you feel inclined to buy,
Encourage chaunting Benny.

Come, give me this, and give me that,
I'm asked by many a don, sir,
As if they thought each stupid flat,
Could sing them all at once, sir,
My songs have had a tidy run,
I've plenty in my fist, sir—
And if you like to pick out one,
I'll just run through my list, sir.

So listen, &c.

Here you may see My daughter Fan,
She wore a wreath a wreath of roses—
Here you may see My Son Tom,
The sun wot lights the roses.
Green grow the rushes, O!
On the Banks of Allan Water,
Sich a gettin up the stairs,
With Brave Lord Ullin's daughter.

So listen, &c.

Poor Bessy was a Sailor's Bride,
Sittin' on a Rail, sir—
Is there a heart that never lov'd,
The Rose of Allendale, sir.
The Maid of Judah out of place,
With plenty to be sad at—
I say, my rum 'un, who are you?
What a dreadful shocking bad hat.

So listen, &c.

Here's Molly Dodd and I fell out,
Going to the Nore, sir—
Here's Barney Brallaghan, too,
At Judy Callaghan's door, sir.
Come, let us dance and sing,
Mr. and Mrs. Wrangle,
My pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,
Has your mother sold her mangle?

So listen, &c.

Here's Dolly, the dancing dairy maid,
In the harbour taking tea, sir—
And here you see the Nice young gal,
Under the Walnut tree, sir.
Adam was a Gentleman,
Him what was the first man—
And here you find lost Rosabel,
With the Literary Dustman.

So listen, &c.

Here you see the Handsome Man,
With the Pretty little dear, sir—
It's all very fine, Mr. Fergusson,
But you really can't sleep here, sir.
I want money—never mind,
Miss Nichols, with a Thorn, sir—
Here's The rose shall cease to blow,
The merry mountain horn, sir.

So listen, &c.

Not a drum was heard at Paddy's Grave,
While the village bells were ringing—
'Twas in the merry month of May,
When I went out a singing.
Why did I love? Ah my eye!
Any green in me do you spy out?
Flare up! Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill.
There you go with your eye out.

So listen, &c.

The Ladies' Man at the Garden Gate,
With Giles Scroggins' Ghost, man—
Sally in our Alley—We met,
With Walker the Troopenny Postman.
Here's on a Washing Day,
We'll die for Love and Whiskey—
The Man wot sweeps the Crossing,
In the Bay of Biscay.

So listen, &c.

THEATRICAL ITEMS.

Miss Charlotte Barnes is to go forthwith to England, and is to make her debut at Drury Lane, early in the season. She is not engaged there, as we understand, but is to be permitted an "opening" (as it is technically termed) by Mr. Macready, under the most favorable circumstances he can arrange. "Old Barnes" was a member of Mr. M.'s father's corps, years ago, and it is to old friendship that this arrangement is attributable. May it prove successful to the fair debutante.

Therese Elssler is to leave Europe for America, as it is said, early in October. She joins her sister here, and will dance in connection with her, in male and other characters. Mons. Sylvain, we suppose, will be superseded by this arrangement.

Charles Howard goes to Boston, to perform an engagement with Pelby. He is a clever, dashing actor, and will please the Bostonians, we doubt not, exceedingly.

Casolani's splendid double bass, and Ribas's unrivalled oboe are no longer with us. The former has gone to London, and the latter to the Tremont, Boston. The loss of either is not to be easily made up to our boards.

The British provinces, this season, have not proved a very profitable field for the usual theatrical operations. So far as we have been able to learn, the profession have just paid expenses and no more, in those regions. But a trip to Niagara and the West, is enough to compensate them for their disappointment, after a long confinement at their arduous duty in the city.

The Seguins have returned from the North. There is no truth in the rumor lately bruited that they are engaged by Madame Vestris the coming season. They have already entered into an excellent engagement on this side of the water. They leave New York, (with Mr. Manvers, who has returned with them,) for Boston immediately, and will commence an engagement at the Tremont Theatre about the 27th inst. They are to play Zampa, Norma, &c.

It is announced in the theatrical circles that Charles Young, the eminent tragedian, who had retired into private life long since, purposes, in compliance with the most earnest solicitations from the highest quarters, to resume the buskin for a brief period at Drury Lane Theatre, where he will appear with his friend Macready, in the most popular of the Shakspearian plays.

WOMAN.

Oh! fair in that bright hour, when fortune smiles,

And the fond world is kind, and all is gay,
And she, the gayest, fondest of the throng
Playful and wild, voluptuous delicate!

In the world's sunny garden of all joyance
A dazzling butterfly—an airy fawn!
A thing to be indulged, and lightly chased:
Caught, but not captured; ransomed with a kiss!

Her word, her glance, a law; and caprice
Reason complete; but fairer, fairer still,
When the dark clouds spread o'er our shining life,

In sickness, and in sorrow, and in toil—
When by the suffering couch she sweetly tends,
With steps that yields no sounds; and eye that claims no sleep,

Deeming devotion duty. Beauteous being!
Who shares our grief, and, sharing, soothes the pang;

For then man feels, 'mid all his misery,
Bis still remains with such a ministrant;
And labor, with no guerdon but her love,
Is not inglorious; but in that fell hour,
Too oft the dooming of the child of song,
And those quick spirits whose creative brain
Raise up the demon they can not control,
In that fell hour of agony and hate.

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